ROENTGEN RAYS.

ADMIRAL JOUETT'S VAIN JOURNEY THROUGH THE MUD-THE SMITHSONIAN'S SEVERE

LOSS IN DR. GOODE'S DEATH-THE YELLOWSTONE.

Washington, Sept. 19 (Special).-Washington has an expert in the person of Dr. William Grey, of the National Medical Museum, whose experiments with the Röntgen rays are not only wonderful and interesting to laymen and the dilettantes of science, but of incalculable value to the medical profession. Local surgeons are continually enlisting Dr. Grey's skill in the search for bullets, needles and such foreign substances as find their way into human bodies, and in locating fractures, and his work in this direction has abundantly proved the benefit of the Röntgen rays in the practice of surgery.

The most interesting case that has come to Dr. Grey was a little boy who had swallowed a twenty-five-cent piece. The physician in charge failed to locate the coin, and his patient's condition had become somewhat alarming, when he happily thought of Dr. Grey, who made a radiograph of the child's stomach, which showed the coin in the aesophagus, and was the means of its being ultimately removed. Dr. Grey has on exhibition at the Museum a number of interesting radiographs, all of which have been made for physicians and surgeons, and have been of material aid to them in the treatment of the cases. There is, for instance, the picture of a woman's foot, showing the presence of a needle; the forearm of a man in which the bones are crushed; the thigh bone of a female patient in which a bullet is embedded, and a number of like interesting cases.

Hardly less interesting are the photographs of matter, such as tissues, bacilli, etc., that Dr. Grey takes through the microscope. He has made a large collection of these, some of the pictures magnified 2,000 times. They are deposited in the Museum, and are a constant and invaluable aid to the medical student.

Officially. Dr. Grey is the microscopist of the National Museum. Photography and the making of radiographs are not in his province. He has undertaken these branches from sheer enthusiasm and love of the work, and has supplied his own instruments and materials, giving the Museum the results of his labors. His workrooms are in the top story of the Medical Museum Building, and comprise a skylight and chamber, for the Doctor's enthusiasm embraces all branches of photography, and he has a unique collection of eccentric cases that are met with in the medical profession, curious formations and curvatures, as well as photographs of animals in motion, horses running and jumping, which are brilliant specimens of his skill. About this room are three dark rooms, sacred

to the mysteries of developing and the making of pictures by the Röntgen rays. This room is, naturally, the most interesting to the occasional visitor, who feels, after the Doctor has shown him the bones in his hand through a kid glove, the coles in his pocketbook through layers of leather and paper, and has made hermetically sealed boxes give up their secrets, that he has suddenly made a voyage back into the times of necromancy. But Dr. Grey in appearance is as little like the accepted idea of a necromancer as it is possible to imagine; neither does he bear any of the familiar marks of the scientist or student. He is young, still in the thirties, fine looking, with frank and open countenance, of large frame and athletic build, fond of out-door sports, and an enthusiast of the most radical type over his work.

It is unusual for Naval officers, from the very character of their lives, to take any special interest in politics. They are content, as a rule, to let, civilians run the political affairs of the Nation. This is not true, however, of Admiral Jouett, who, though a son of the Blue Grass State, is an ardent Republican, and never misses depositing dent Republican, and never misses depositing his ballot for the straight ticket on Election Day. The Admiral makes his home in Sandy Springs, Montgomery County, Maryland, where he lives the life of a country squire, and hunts foxes with a devotion to the sport equal to that of his Engliven to certain officers stationed at West Point, the Military Prison and at the Carlisle Indian School. Last year the Adjutant-General of the

The roads in this neighborhood are no better than the majority of the roads south of Mason and Dixon's line. On last Election Day, owing to heavy rains, the way from Admiral Jouett's home to the polls, some miles distant, was almost impassable, so that many lukewarm partisans remained at home. Not so with the doughty Admiral, who was in no way deterred by the rough roads before him. He started out early, in a buggy rather than on horseback, for the accommodation of his son, James, jr., who was also entitled to vote. The ride to the polls was bad enough. The mud came up to the very hubs, and the great stones which they occasionally struck against almost overturned the vehicle. But the Admiral was consoled by the patriotic intention, and an occasional picturesque expletive was the only protest he made.

Going home was a different matter. Night had begun to fall, a thick, heavy rain set in, and the buggy sank down into the sea of mud at every turn of the wheel. Finally the carriage began to give way, and Admiral Jouett, who is more at home on the quarter-deck in a storm than in a buggy on a rough and muddy country road, and his son were compelled to get out every now and then to fasten a strap, tighten a nut or tie up a

"Well," said the Admiral, "thank Heaven, that's over! We've had a hard pull of it, but it is the duty of every citizen of the United States to vote." Then an idea seemed to strike him. "Say, Jim." said he to his son, "I voted the straight Republican ticket, as usual. How did you vote? "I voted the straight Democratic," replied Jim.

"Phew!" exclaimed the patriotic Admiral, contemplating his battered buggy and his worn-out horse. "If I had only known your intention this morning before we started, we might have stayed at home and paired"

The Smithsonian Institution had its half-century birthday on the 7th of this month. Nothing was done to celebrate this anniversary, and the day before the Institution suffered an irreparable loss in the death of Dr. G. Brown Goode, who had been connected with it since 1873, and its assistant secretary since 1887. It is rare to find a man so eminently fitted for his duties, so devoted to his work, as was Dr. Goode; rare to find one who in forty-five years of life has accomplished so much in a scientific way. His especial work was ichthyology, and in this branch of natural history he was generally admitted to have been the leading American authority.

For a number of years Dr. Goode served as Fish Commissioner, which appointment he owed to the excellent work he cid in connection with the Government exhibition at the Centennial. He also represented the United States at the fishery exhibits in Berlin in 1880, in London in 1883, and had charge of the Institute's exhibit at the Columbian Exhibition in 1893, and those at New-Orleans, Cincinnati, Louisville and Atlanta, Although his duties as assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution made great demands upon his time, Dr. Goode was a fairly prolific author. He published a number of works on ichthyology, wrote a valuable book on "The Origin of the National and Scientific and Educational Institutions of the United States," was one of the editors of "The Wesleyan Book," and at the time of his death had in preparation "A History of the Smithsonian Institution," which was to be

published in celebration of its semi-centennial. Personally Dr. Goode was an agreeable man. lacking entirely that reserve characteristic of men of his profession. Always accessible, invariably willing to give freely of his advice and knowledge, he was a great favorite with those who came in contact with him, and a stimulating in-

fluence to young men. During his career in the Smithsonian Institution Dr. Goode had done much to popularize science, and it was through his agency that the exhibits in the Museum have been so arranged as to be understood by lay visitors. His sympathy for his profession, his high personal character, his ability as an organizer and his rare devotion to the interests of the Institution will make Dr. Goode's place a difficult one to fill.

The Institution, for which the Englishman John Smithson, natural son of the Duke of Northumberland, gave all of his property, is surely one of the most interesting establishments in the Government, and in the short half-century of its existence has grown beyond the hopes even of its first regents. It is the mother of a number of independent bureaus. The Fish Commission is the outgrowth of its work in lehthyology; the Weather Bureau of its meteorological work, and the National Museum, of which Mr. Smithson's cabinet of minerals forms the nucleus, is a separate establishment, although still under the direction of the Institution, as are also the Bureau of International Exchanges, with Professor Winlock at its head; the Bureau of American Eth-nology, of which Professor Powell is director; the National Zoological Park, Frank Baker, su-

the National Zoological Park, Frank Baker, su-perintendent, and the Astrophysical Observatory, which is the especial pet of Professor Langley. The Institution no doubt owes the excellent progress it has made to the fact that during the fifty years since it was founded it has had only three secretaries, who have been as well the ex-ceutive officers, for nothing so handleans and reecutive officers, for nothing so handlcaps and re tards scientific work as frequent charges in its administration. Professor Joseph Henry, its first secretary, presided over its affairs from 1848 until 1878, and was succeeded by Professor Spencer

secretary, presided over its affairs from 1848 until 1878, and was succeeded by Professor Spencer Fullerton Baird, who died in 1887, since which time the present secretary, Professor Langley, has been at its head.

In all his reports Professor Langley complains of lack of funds, and says that the accessions of the Institution are so large that another building, equal in size to the present structure, could be advantageously filled. He also states that, owing to the cramped condition of his finances, he is unable to improve the Museum collection by is unable to improve the Museum collection by purchase, and that important private collections made in this country, of the objects illustrating the vanishing life of its native races, collections which cannot be made again, are being permanently withdrawn to enrich the museums of Europe, and that it is now necessary, in order to study the past life of the Mississippi Valley, to go to London, for that of Alaska to Berlin, and for the California coast to Paris.

In his report, recently received at the Interior Department, Captain Anderson says that, although the season in the Yellowstone Park opened with promise of heavy travel, that promise has not been realized, and this year there have been fewer visitors in the Park than last season. This he attributes partly to financial depression and partly to the disturbances of a political campaign. He believes, however, that the falling off in travel cannot be traced solely to the above reasons, for the European steamers are crowded with Americans, who go to spend their summers abroad, and explains by assuming that the travelling public is not aware of what can be seen at the Park, and with what ease and comfort the trip can be made. Captain Anderson calls attention to the fact

that, notwithstanding his urgent request, no improvement has been made in the military post, and asks for an appropriation for one set of new barracks and one stable at the new post, because the troops are so constantly in the field during the summer that they need comfortable quarters during the winter.

He commends the management of the hotel, transportation company, and the Yellowstone Lake Boat Company unqualifiedly, and says that. with the exception of the bison, game continues to increase. Of bison he thinks there are from twenty-five to fifty head, but whether he will be able to save these remains a problem, as, he says, "the forces of nature and the hands of man are alike ever pretended that Mile. Yvette Guilbert was against them, and they seem to be struggling against an almost certain fate."

Captain Anderson concludes his report by saying: "As it is not probable that I shall remain here long enough to receive benefit from next year's appropriation, I do not consider it indelicate to recommend that an extra allowance be made to the superintendent of the Park. This principle was recognized many years ago in the School. Last year the Adjutant-General of the Army made such a recommendation in his armual report, but no further notice was taken of it. The superintendent here has letters of introduction sent him by the hundreds, and the small-duction sent him by the hundreds, and the small-duction sent him by the hundreds. duction sent him by the hundreds, and the small-est measure of hospitality requires the expendi-ture of his entire pay in very meagre entertain-ing. There is no station in the Army where so much is expected of an officer, and I trust you will call attention to the necessity for some re-

lief."

Those who know something of the demands made on the superintendent of this Park must commend his modesty in not having before made his recommendation.

THE LATEST STORY.

From The New-Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Talking of snakes," said a man who had recently arrived from the wilds of Nicaragua, "reminds me of an incident I witnessed while I was in the interior of the little republic. It was in the section where the hills approach the rivers. I had been paddling down the stream and halted to escape the sun just under a cliff which was some thirty feet above the low ground, forming an abrupt decility. "While I was leaning against the trunk of a large trumpet tree near the bank of the river I happened to giance up at the edge of the cliff and noticed a snake hanging head downward and swinging in the open space. While I was wondering I was more surprised at seeing another repulie climb down the body of the first and coil his tall about its neck. Then there came arother and another, all doing the same thing until there was a rope of snakes reaching within about three feet of the ground, all pursuing the same tactics as the second. Then I realized that the things were trying to reach bottom in this original manner. They did not reach tow enough, and directly the bottom ones crawled to the top and shortly reappeared, each with a small bit of twig in his mouth. When the first one with the twig reached the end of the rope the hanging one grasped the wood in his mouth, and the other hing tall down. Then a second dropped down the rope, coiled his tail about the tall of the other, and hung head down, with the stick in his mouth, and a third, climbing the living coils, in his turn grasped the other place of twig and was suspended tail down like the first. By the aid of the places of twig they lengthened the coil until the bottom snake touched the ground"—

"Say," queried one of the interested listeners, "what became of the snakes at the top; did they drop?" From The New-Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Say," queried one of the interested listeners, what became of the snakes at the top; did they

"That was just the thing. When the bottom the was about to let go he seemed to realize that the ones at the top would be no nearer terra firma than before, changed his mind, and, crawling up slowly, apparently informed the others, and the link shortened as the snakes crawled up, and the last I saw of the lot they were hunting for a piece of twist vine to make a rope ladder."

THE HODCARRIER PROTESTED. Frem The Chicago Times-Herald.

From The Chicago Times-Herald.

"In making some changes in my cottage at Quissit last summer," said Comedian E. M. Holland, "It became necessary to call in the services of a brick mason. On the morning that he put in an appearance he brought with him as an assistant a little, undersized, bow-legged man, whose every feature stamped him as a descendant of 'Brian Boru.' It was this little chap's duty to carry the mortar to the top of the house, where the improvements were going on, and in his journey to and from the roof on a ladder he had to pass an open window, in which stood a case containing brother Joe's parrot. This bird of Joseph's is an inveterate talker, and quickly imitates anything he hears, if it is repeated a few times.

"Our little hodcarrier had just descended from his third trip heavenward and was in the act of lighting his pipe, when a shrill voice cried, 'More mort!'

More mort!'

"All reight, sir! Of'm coming,' and hastily stox.

ing his pipe, when a shrill voice cried, More mort!

""All reight, sir! O'm coming,' and hastily stowing his pipe away, he filled his hod and scrambled
up the ladder. This continued for some time, an i
our little Hibernian was getting very red in the
face. At last he tried again to ignite his dudeen,
when, just as he was about to apply the match, a
voice, which sounded hoarser than ever, yelled out,
Mort mort; hurry up there: More mort!"
"Pat looked up at the roof, and with anger sticking out of every freekle on his little wizen face
with the distinctness of a gas bill, he screamed:
'More mort, is it, more mort?" Phwat thi divil do
ye tink Oi have on me? The legs of a cintiped?"

A BALZAC MUSEUM. From The Gentlewoman.

From The Gentlewoman.

At Levaliois-Perret, very near Parls, there is a museum formed of souvenirs taken from Balzac's home, destroyed some years ago. It is with great difficulty that one obtains permission to enter this museum; but once there, an archaeological student finds much of interest. Among other treasures are superb carvings, which were once ornaments above doors and chimney-pieces. One of these represents a man holding his head in his right hand; above are engraved in stone the words "Plus Despoir." No one knows to whom the collection belongs, nor the reason for so much mystery.

CAN SHE SING, TOO?

SHE HAS ALL THE OTHER QUALIFICA-TIONS OF A SINGER.

THE SORT OF PERSON THAT MLLE. ANNA HELD APPEARS TO BE AND THE SORT OF SONGS PROMISED.

Americans are accustomed to regard America as the land of beautiful women. American men are altogether convinced that it is so, and they are entirely loyal to their countrywomen, while the manifest admiration of the men of other nations serves to confirm and deepen the conviction. It is no often, therefore, that a manager, who is a cold, calculating man of business, ventures to bring a woman from another country to America in the manager has done now. Mile. Anna Held, of whom visitors to Paris have brought back golden reports, is to try her fortune in America to-morrow night. | for five years is unsophisticated may sound like a

course of the song that dogs, as well as men, speak a different language in France. American say: "Bow-wow!" but French dogs, it ap-pears, say: "Ouach! ouach!" This makes the song philologically valuable. The audience is apprised by the singer that when she was much younger than now, though she is still far from old, the was the owner of a kitten, by which she set no small store. Now, however, she longs for a dog His chief qualification is to be that he will say: "Bow-wow-wow!" (in French). Flerceness will count as a virtue in him and he is to have a red ongue. He will be served with sweetened milk, in a cup, and will generally have reason to rejoice

All this certainly sounds sufficiently childish, and in that it matches well with the impression that a short interview with Mile. Held produces. There are in her manner a certain freedom and an openness which strike the observer as the frankness of a child, and not at all as the liberty of an experienced woman. Her conversation is ready and simple ground of her beauty. And that is what a bright, and her answers are quick and keen, yet they seem thoroughly unsophisticated. To say that a woman who has sung in the Paris concert halfs



It is said that she can sing and moreover that she can sing well, but for once that those to whom she is still a stranger have heard of her singing they have heard a dozen times of her beauty

The promises that are made for Mile, Held are in striking contrast with these which were made for the last French singer who came here. beautiful. Even her most ardent admirers went out of their way to declare that she was not beautiful. It was her wonderful way of singing songs, they said, that made her so attractive. Some of them

even admitted that the songs themselves were not all of them quite what they might be in point of propriety. Those who admired her less admitted more of this, and it may be remembered that she

more of this, and it may be remembered that she had a few enemies who denounced her songs, root and branch, on this same ground of propriety.

But of Mile, Held, on the contrary, those who have seen her on the stage in Paris say that it does not make any difference whether she sings or not; to look at her is enough. Yet, after they have done their best to insulit this fact, they maintain casually, and still quite as if it really did not matter, that she has a pretty manner and sings prettly. And then her manager, who understands tily. And then her manager, who understands French, as some of her admirers do not, asserts French, as some of her admirers do not, asserts that "her songs are not in the last improper—that is, not any more improper than all French songs." You can make what you like out of that. There are French songs, without doubt, that breathe the very essence of purity and innocence. Perhaps the best way for you to judge would be by looking over one or two of Mile. Held's songs for yourself. Here is the there is the there is no the song which she is the terminal to the song which she is the terminal transfer. is "Following the Regiment," the song which she sang at the concert on board the New-York on the way to this city. The concert brought in \$517 for the marine charities, and Mile. Held's manager declares, nobody knows on just what ground, that all but about \$30 of it was due to her efforts. This is the song:

song:
Quand je vois un régiment,
Plan, ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan, plan, plan,
Du pled gauch' je pars viv'ment,
Zim-ba-laboum' ta, ra, ta-plan, plan,
Et j'escort' les militaires,
Sans plus m'inquièter du chemin,
Aux sons des marches guerrières,
Je fais cinq lieu's avec entrain'

Refrain. En avant! En avant! Ra-ta-plan! En avant! En avant! Ra-ta-plan!
C'est charmant, ravissant, entrainant,
Et derrièr le régiment,
Je marche crânement,
Lecœur battant militair ment.
Sur le parcours des boul vards,
En faisant du pétard,
Je marche au pes, je marche au pas,
Comm' les soldats.

L' autr' jour, en m' prom'nant comm'ça, Tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la, Tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-la-la, To-ra-la-la-la-ra, fla-fla-ra-la-la, "Morblen! f prendrais bien la s'maine Près d' vous," me dit un adjudant! "Je rengag'rals, ma sirène! A votr' servie!," dit un sergent!

Champs-Elysées, au Rond-Point,
V'lh q' j' aperçois s' pressant au loin
Un group' de brav's invalos,
Que le bruit des tambours rend dispos,
ils retrouvent leur audace,
Clopin-clopant, ces flers débris,
Vienn'nt saluer l'drapeau qui passe
Au milleu des ru's de Paris!

She has a little song which seems to be a sort of French "Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-wow." It is called "Miss Toutou," and that means "Miss The American hearer learns in the

joke. Therefore, that all semblance of jocularity may be avoided, let it be noted that it has not been said that she is so, but only that her manner of speaking seems so.

Her abundance of life and her enjoyment of little new experiences have the full, fresh flavor of youth in them, too. She is full of a playfulness which appears to be constantly bubbling and exuberant, and not at all an artificial manner put on deliberately or for a purpose. The ordeal of talking with a dozen New-York newspaper men at once, which many women, and men too, look forward to as a terrible one, or say they do, was to Mile. Held a set of charming surprises, every question that was asked of her filling her with new wonder and amusement. She speaks the English which she learned in London. It is remarkably good, considering that she acquired it in ten weeks. There is a distinct accent, of course, but she finds the words that she wants readily, and all that she says is easy to understand, even though she now and then lets fall a surprising literal translation of some French idiom. She has even an English song, and these are the profound and inspiring words of its first stanza:

I have not been here very long.
As yet I'm quite a stranger.
And so to try an English song
May seem perhaps a danger.
One thing I ask a favor slight—
I hope you'll not refuse me—
That if I don't pronounce it right
You kindly will excuse me.

For I have such a nice little way with me; I wish you'd come and play with me.

It requires no lofty literary criticism to see that this inspired composition is of the very genuine and perfect school of "You'd scarce expect one of my age to speak in public on the stage." Mile, Yvette Guillert was wont to eneer at the tasteless mildness and insipidity of "Linger Longer, Lucy," and to regard the timid and Puritanical attempt at sophistication in "Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back" as but sorry stuff. What could she say to this, all professional jealousy aside. She blamed the sensitive English moral taste for the emptiness of the London music-hall songs, but it appears that a French woman can sing an innocent song, too, when she likes, even if innocence he its only virtue. When Mile, Held saw an artist making a sketch of her she became instantly as curious and as interested as if she had never heard of such a thing before, and as if she had never heard of such a thing before, and as if she had not had enough photographs taken to sink a ship. She could not wait for it to be done before she came to look at it, and when she had made it her special request that it should be "inlee," she took the pencil and executed the siriking work which appears as a remarque in the corner of the largest of the sketches which accompany this article. The name under it is not its title, it is the signature of the artist.

Whatever it proves that Mile, Held is or does on the stage, it is certain that off the stage she pre-



erves a manner which has the fearlessness usually serves a manner which has the fearlessness usually ascribed by foreigners to American girls, an alertness of wit which appears to have been sharpened, but not blemished, by exercise and experience, and the buoyancy and delighted animation of a girl who has just got out of school and is never going back any more. She has also a physical beauty which her pictures do not fairly represent. If she can carry her natural manner along with this to the stage, it will help her far; the rest of the way to complete success she must go by other means, which cannot be counted upon till they are tried.

A COMBINED CANE AND LAMP. From The Chicago Times-Herald.

Prom The Chicago Times-Herald.

More inventions for canes have been recorded at the patent office in Washington than for anything else; this in spite of the fact that the cane itself is one of the closest of inventions. It was in use by primitive man, who used a broken bough of a tree to assist him in his progress over mountains and to resist the attacks of his human or animal foes. Canes of all sorts have been invented, efforts having been made to combine the useful walking sitck with nearly everything.

A novel contrivance, which is, perhaps, more surprising than any other in canes is one which is at the same time any electric light. Its interior is filled with the necessary chemicals, while its top is an incandescent but which has a protective covering of nickel or silver, removable at a touch upon a spring. Within the cane is a battery into which the poles extend, not far enough to touch the acid, but when the cane is slightly inclined the acids attack the zines and the bulb is lighted by the electricity which is generated. By this contrivance waste is prevented and electricity is gen-

erated only when it is actually needed. When the acid loses its strength or the zinc is consumed by them the cane may be reloaded at a trifling ex-

pense.

There is nothing about the cane to indicate its use. It weighs only a pound and resembles an ordinary chony walking stick.

CAB DRIVERS.

A SCHOOL FOR THEM IN PARIS-WHAT THEY ARE REQUIRED TO LEARN.

There has just gone into effect in Paris a new series of regulations concerning the driving of car-rlages in the city, regulations which have special reference to the increasing crowds in the streets as the autumn season draws to its height, and espe cially to the throngs that are expected at the visit of the Czar. A curious part of these regulations is that which applies to the qualifications of those who desire licenses as can drivers. These diplomas are to be had only after the most rigid kind of an examination, in which the applicant must show that he is familiar with all the out-of-the-way corners of Paris, that he can drive without a blen on his style, that he never "hooks" in a crowd, and even that he is a perfect master of his temper to such a degree that even the worst blockhend of a bourgecis who runs in front of his carriage will

not bring about an explosion. But, if poets are born, not made, cab drivers certainly are made. Where do the students of the art pursue their studies? That is a question that every Parisian has asked himself after he has made : trip in a cab without accident behind a driver whose village manners have not yet disappeared, but who yet drives like an Englishman and knows Paris like little Gavroche. Chance led one Parisian, in a drive back of Montmartre, to discover about a large old carriage gate this sign; "School for Cab Drivers." The director of this school informed him as to the course of studies there and the objects

He learned, first of all, that Limousin Auvergae and the Department of Aveyron furnish Paris with three-quarters of all its cab drivers. After a month's study and practice these fine fellows, fresh from their provinces, become excellent Parisian drivers, capable of competing with the Normans, the Parislans and even the Gascons, for whom five or six days' study seems to suffice. Six hun dred pupils come every day to the establishment, from 8 to 11 o'clock in the morning and in the afternoon from 2 to 5 o'clock.

The instruction is oral and practical. The oral sons include questions on the topography of Paris and its rerroundings, visits to the places studied, and a course in law as it affects cab drivers. The student coachman learns, first about the monuments and "show places" of Paris, the palaces, churches, ratiway stations, embassies and legations, hospitals, prisons, big shops; then the location of the theatres, concert halls, banks and museums. He must know Paris by "arrondiss ments," by boulevards, by avenues, by large and small streets. The law course imparts a knowledge of the police regulations, which the student must heart and be able to recite; also a know! edge of the legal scale of charges, which is not complicated-the day rates, the night rates, the ates for places outside of Paris, the rates for bag-

rates for places outside of Paris, the rates for baggage.

The practical studies which are carried on in the
school itself require the use of a cab and a horse.
The horse, a mare named Louise, is admirably
adapted to the use made of her. Sometimes she is
calm and mechanical, for practice in harnessing
and unharnessing; sometimes she is capricious and
baiky, and has to pretend to undergo all the experfences of a drive through Paris. She has already had a share in educating 1,500 cabmen since
the opening of the school, and yet is entirely without evidences of pride as she ambles between the
shafts of the old cab used by the students. This
cab, which formerly bore the number 10,814, is historic. It carried General Boulanger—it is not told
whither—and once conveved Cornelius Herz to the
Northern Rallway station.

whither—and once conveyed Cornelius Herz to the Northern Railway station.

The practical part of the instruction also includes a knowledge of the names and uses of the various parts of a harness, the duties of a guide, and finally the lesson of "a drive through Paris"—that is to say, of the innumerable street incidents, the difficulties and embarrassments of which Bolleau enumerated two centuries ago, and which have enormously increased in number and complexity since.

e.

ch is the programme of the school of cabmen, such is the apprenticeship which the candiforthe the proud position must have gone through before he can present himself before the Exping Commission of the Police Department of

STORIES ABOUT WELLINGTON.

HE HATED PERSONAL SERVICE-HOW HE ADMITTED A PIECE OF INJUSTICE.

In a paper on Assye and Wellington, a con tributor to "The Cornhill" tells these stories about the Iron Duke:

During the last few weeks of the life of the secon Duke of Wellington up to within a few days of his very sudden death, I, happening to be living in the neighborhood of Strathfieldsaye, speni almost every day and many hours in long talks, chiefly in the grounds of the park, with the Duke. He, knowing et on which I wanted to get him devoting his conversation to him. I think I may say that it was a relief to him to do so. For the fact was that he was burdened by a sense of responsi-bility. He was full of stories and anecdotes of the bility. He was full of stories and anecdoles of the great man whose heir he was. He had been continually pressed by many, by Lord Wolseley, and by me perhaps more than by any one else, to give to the world all that he could tell of his father. He could neither altogether make up his mind to go to his grave burying all record of the past, nor yet, as he appealed to me again and again to agree with him, could be feel that the stories of domestic life which he had to tell were altogether such as a son would willingly give to the world of a great father. In fact he felt. I think, that some day or other they ought to be known, but he wanted to leave to some one else the responsibility of telling them. In reality I do not think that they much alter one's impression went to his grave knowing all such stories well, and never gave them forth, and that it is twelve often pressed to do so, I have never used the freedom which was entirely left to me in regard to them, will indicate that they have seemed to many out of tune with the sort of conception of the man which one knows to be popular, and half-hesitates to disturb, lest in dispersing the cloudy vision one should blur the true grandeur of the face. In fact, they are all stories of a strong, hard man, harder on himself than on any one else, and, being chiefly of his later life, apply to a time when these characteristics had become set and rigid. Here, at all events, are a few specimens for good or evil.

During his campaigns the Duke had acquired a peculiar habit in regard to sleep. No noise, not the discharge of the loudest cannonade or an explosion, would wake him; but the most delicate touch. even on his clothes, roused him instantly. When roused, there was no moment of semi-somnolence, of eve-rubbing, or blurred consciousness as to where he was or what had happened. Out of the deadest sleep he was instantly in possession of all his facul-ties. Now, whether it was a determination not to yield to advancing years, or merely the habit of a lifetime, it would be difficult to say; but during all the time when he was living as a country gentleman at Strathfieldsaye, there was nothing that he resented so much as the attempt of any one in his househeld or out of it to do him any personal service. Numbers of the anecdotes turn on this personal service.

househeld or out of it to do him any personal service. Numbers of the anecdotes turn on this peculiarity.

He had made for him a specially constructed tandem. It had two seats at the back, and was completely covered in, the whole front being of glass. The refins passed under the glass casing in front. In this way the Duke himself drove two very fine horses. One day his second son, Lord Charles Wellesley, was sitting with him in this carriage. The Duke, as in later life he often on various occasions did, fell fast asleep, still holding the relus. The spirited horses soon felt the loss of control. Before long Lord Charles, anxiously watching the situation, saw that in another moment the leader would dash up a steep bank, and that his father's life and his own would be in imminent danger. The risk was too great to run; though he knew his father too well not to be aware that any interference with him as the driver of the horses would be bitterly resented. As quietly as he could do so, he slipped his hand over the rein, drew down the leader from the bank, and saved them both from a catastrophe, anxiously endeavoring not to wake his father in doing so. It was useless, however, light as his touch had been the great Duke was instantly awake, and fully alive to all that had happened.

"What are you doing, Charles?"

"I only turned off the leader, sir, from the bank, He was just running up it, and we should have been upset."

"Mind your own business, Charles! mind your own had been the great Duke was interest."

"What are you doing, Charles?"
"I only turned off the leader, sir, from the bank. He was just running up it, and we should have been upset."
"Mind your own business, Charles! mind your own business!" was all the thanks he ever received.
The same son, Lord Charles, had been on leave in either Spain or Italy. He had met with a series of accidents on his return journey, had been in very serious danger, and, though he had made the utmost effort to do so, had falled to get back in time. His father asked for no explanation, and would hear none. He treated him as a convicted culprit, refused to have any intercourse with him, and in various ways made him feel his displeasure. One day a visitor to Strathfieldsaye drew out from Lord Charles an account of his journey. The Duke listened, and when the story came to an end he went up to his son:
"So, Charles, you met with an accident?"
"Yes, father."
"And you did all you could to be back in time?"
"Yes, father."
"Well, I'll give you a horse, Charles; I'll give you a horse."
It was the only form in which he admitted the injustice of which he was clearly conscious.

SELF-BETRAYED CRIMINALS

FREQUENCY WITH WHICH DETECTIVES GET CLEWS FROM LAW-BREAK. ERS THEMSELVES.

VARIOUS CAUSES THAT LEAD TO DETECTION ARE SOME INTERESTING CASES.

Detectives who have had much experience in hunting for criminals declare that in about one case out of five they can count on the self-betrayal of the erson who has committed a crime. The haunting fear of arrest has sometimes driven escaped mun derers to surrender themselves. Hardened thieves frequently betray themselves in their anxiety to outwit the police by throwing suspicion on others The desire to learn if they are suspected leads many criminals back to the scenes of their crimes and into the hands of the police.

In the early hours of a dark and stormy morning, a few years ago, a policeman who was patrolling street in a West Side tenement-house district found man on the sidewalk dying from a stab wound Before he could get the man to the police station with the aid of other policemen, the man had died There was no clew to the assassin. Refore day break the captain of the precinct had sent out a dozen policemen in plain clothes to hang around the saloons near the scene of the murder and keep their ears and eyes open. Care had been taken not to spread the report of the crime. Presently one of the detectives saw a man enter one of the saloons and heard him say in an inquiring tone to the bar-

"That was a bad cutting scrape around the corner last night."

The bartender hadn't heard of it, and the man who made the remark was almost ready to own up when the detective clapped a pair of handouffs on his wrists. He broke down later and confessed that he had killed the man in a quarrel, and he is Sometimes the apparent desire to exasperate the

police by setting them at defiance will lead a fugitive from justice to betray himself. A recent case of that kind was that of Harry Kimball, a swindier, who had jumped his bail in Chicago and had concealed himself from the police in a quiet boarding-house in Brooklyn. He might have remained there in security, but he wanted to make the Chicago police uncomfortable by reminding them of the fact of his escape from their clutches. So he sent a letter to Paris, with directions to have it remailed from that city to the Postoffice authorities in this country, declaring that he was well and happy and safe from arrest. Failing to see any mention of his letter in the newspapers he sent other letters to London and to New-Mexico, with similar directions and statements. Postal detectives traced the letters back to Brooklyn, and Kimbail was found in

his hiding-place, arrested and sent back to Chicago.

The house of E. W. Kemble, the artist in New-Rochelle, was robbed a year ago by a burglar who, when he was chased by two policemen dropped the satchel in which he had carried his kit of "jimmics." An examination of the contents of the satchel disclosed several newspapers which contained accounts of the exploits of Edward Bannon, a convict who had been released from the prison at Charlestown, Mass. Detectives of this city concluded that pride in his nefarious calling had induced the cracksman to preserve the published accounts of his work in Massachusetts, and Bannon was arrested by Detectives Clarke and Butler, of the Central Office. His identification was made complete by the drawings which Mr. Kemble had made of the prints left by the burgiar's feet on the freshly painted floor of the veranda of the house in

Detective Sergeant McCauley was sent to investigate a safe robbery in South-st, a few years ago, and acticed the marks which had been made by the bare feet of one of the burglars on the top of the safe. A layer of dust had been allowed to col lect on the safe and the marks were distinct. The burglar evidently had climbed up and had stood on the safe to examine the contents of some boxes or a shelf. The imprints in the dust showed that the foot had a deformed big toe, and when McCauley saw the marks he said immediately: "Fish Daly was one of the gang anyhow." The detective knew no other thief with a big toe like that of "Fish" Daly's. He went in search of Daly, arrested him in Cherry-st, and accused him of the robbery with assurance.

You ought not to work at a job like that with your shoes off," the detective said, and when Daly understood the nature of the evidence against him

he owned up and told who his "pais" were. When Perry, the train robber, escaped from the asylum at Matteawan, N. Y., he took along with him Patrick Maguire, a burglar, who was supposed to be hopelessly insane. Later a number of mid-night robbertes were committed in houses in this city, and in every case the thief climbed up to a second-story window of a private house, entered the rooms of sleeping occupants, helped himself to what he could find in the dark and walked out of the from these could find in the dark and walked out of

the rooms of sleeping occupants, helped himself to what he could find in the dark and walked out of the front door with his plunder. One night the thief entered the house of Deputy Chamberlain Campbell and went away, leaving a dilapletated hat in the hall and wearing Mr. Campbell's high hat, Mr. Campbell went to Police Headquarters next day to make a report of the robbery, and when he was in the Detective Bureau he noticed a prisoner who had been brought in by Detectives Reup and Holland. The detectives had found Maguire at one of his former haunts in the city, and had arrested him as an escaped prisoner.

"Why, that man is wearing my hat that was stolen last night!" said Mr. Campbell.

In that way Maguire was identified as the midnight robber. He was sent back to the asylum, however, instead of being tried for his more recent crimes, and a few weeks ago he was pardoned by Governor Morton.

Captain O'Brien, of the Detective Bureau, was surprised in the Criminal Courts Building last year when he was mistaken by a thief for one of the lawyers who practise at the Police Court there, it was with difficulty that he kept a straight face when the thief said, in a confidential whisper: "A friend of mine has a violin for which a large reward has been offered, and we want you to act as go-between." Pretending that he was the lawyer whose name had been mentioned, O'Brien made an appointment to meet the thief at the lawyer's house in the evening. Detectives disguised as lanitors and street-sweepers were near the house when the thief appeared with "Red" Callahan A little subsequent shadowing enabled the detectives to arrest the thieves at houses in Second-ave and in Ninety-ninth-st., and to recover in those houses a number of valuable violins which had been stolen from the music store of O. H. Dodworth, in East One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth-st. The estate own-ing one of the stolen instruments had advertised a reward for its return.

THE PRINCE AT HOMBURG.

A PEEP AT THAT FASHIONABLE RESORT.

From The Sketch.

reward for its return.

From The Sketch.

The old gambling spirit that turned night into day and squandered fortunes in the Kurhaus is dead. An hour before midulaht the streets of Homburg are as described as the thoroughfares in the Chinese city described in "The Golden Butterfly" It is absolutely necessary to retire to rest early, so that you may rise at dawn to drink the waters. The Prince of Wales sets the example, and everybody follows it. His Royal Highness has been consplcuous for his punctual visits to the Elizabeth Well every morning. He rises at o'clock and, attired in



Wales sets the example, and everybody follows it. His Royal Highness has been conspleuous for his punctual visits to the Elizabeth Well every morning. He rhese at a o'clock and, attired in dark-blue serge, or lighter blue cloth, and a soft brown or gray hat, stroils down Beech-ave, to the spring. There is no fuss at his coming-He drinks it, sits on the plass on a silver slaver, him in a quaintly shaped the parapet of the well, and chats with the Duke of Cambridge, the Grand-duke of Mecklenburg-Streiltz, the Duke of Sparta, Christopher Sykes, or other friends, and then strides vigorously away, either with or without a companion. He desires no homage, and is fond of exploring the by-paths of the beautiful park, or of sitting alone on the seat at the extreme end of the covered way, near the paimhouse. In his morning visit to the well he takes two or three glasses of the sparkling waters, and has derived much benefit from the modern Pool of Siloam, to which rich and poor, the people of every land, come for health's sake. The Elizabeth Well water is particularly efficacious for gout and obesily. It is not very unpalatable, rather peculiar in tasis. Those who find it impossible to spend a holiday at Homburg might easily imagine they were taking the water if they drank soda-water mixed with salt. The flavor, with courage and custom, soon becomes pleasant, and there is no doubt that the Elizabeth spring is a drastic cleanser and a reducer of weight. The Prince is much thinner and more agile than on the day of his arrival, and he promises to be the best pedestrian in the park.

Homburg before breakfast is an instructive sight. While the luggage-porters are standing smoking cigars in the hotel yards, and the cleanser are sweeping the streets with besoms, and the dogs are dragging in the little milk-carts from the adjacent farms, the pavements are thronged with fashionable people on their way to the wells, chiefly to the Elizabeth Well, but some to the Kaiser, the Stall, the Ludwigs, or the Louisen, all wells famous fores